

Abolish capitalism; give the workers a chance for education, so life to them will not be merely to eat, sleep and drink, passions running rampant. Give them the opportunity to marry, for we have not yet attained the ideal of platonic love.

Cease idleness and unemployment, and I assure you, that the incentive for prostitution will soon be a matter of the past, like a civilized cannibal to eat the flesh of his brother.—Daniel A. Uretz.

ONE WOMAN'S OPINION.—I am not offering this as a solution of the vice question, though it might work out that way and prove one of the means to that end and certainly save a lot of wasted endeavor. There is, I believe, a state law in Illinois, of 1874 and another in 1889, which forbids a segregated district for traffic in women. There is also a state law requiring saloons to close Saturday night at 12 o'clock and remain closed over Sunday, and a city ordinance for saloons to close at 1 a. m.

As long as these laws are on our statute books, why not compel our chief officials—who take oath that they will enforce existing laws—when they are sworn into office, to enforce these laws? And if they don't enforce them endeavor to elect men who by their previous record, whether in public or private life, indicate that they are honest enough to enforce these laws?

After existing laws have been thoroughly tried out, then and not until then, can we, the people, know

If they are good, keep them and make public officials enforce them. If not good, repeal them and get laws that are good. I offer no opinion as to whether they are good or not, but maintain that until they are enforced we do not know.

This will also work out in another direction for the good of state and city. Our young people will grow up to respect the law and know that disobedience is disastrous; and the

alien within our land will respect and obey the laws of their adopted country.—Dr. Alice M. C. Allen.

HER FIRST SOUVENIR.—I've heard of girls souveniring spoons, glasses and other little articles from cafes or winerooms and thought I would like to try it. A lady friend of mine had all kinds of glasses, from a tiny cordial glass to a beer glass. She had souvenirized them all. It would be great fun, I imagined, to try it. So one evening my gentleman friend and I took a stroll and dropped in at Webster and Lincoln av. to have a drink. He ordered bourbon; so did I.

Here is my chance to get a glass, I thought. But I had not the nerve to take it and asked him. Of course, he refused absolutely. But I begged him, so that at last he put the glass in his pocket and we skipped out the back door. Ha, ha! At last I had souvenirized a glass. Hardly had we crossed the street when we heard a yelling: "Hey, come back here." We turned around to see what was the matter, but it was only the waiter calling us back. I laughed in his face but my friend crossed over to speak to him. I heard them laugh. I asked him what the waiter said. "Oh, nothing. I gave him the glass." Pahaw, all for nothing. I had it and didn't have it. My first and last souvenir.—Tusneida.

Editor's Note.—There is a simple story of an unimportant incident. You can find a moral in it if you are looking for one. But it is interesting as a sample of story-telling without waste of words. I could get more letters in *The Day Book* if writers could boil their stories down as this story is boiled.—N. D. C.

—o—o—o— FLANK THREATENED

This afternoon I lunched in a gemuthlic-German restaurant that features bowling in the basement. And there I saw a sign that read:

Nix on the War-talk!

The Alleys Are Downstairs!